

HALF-WAY HOME.

Do you remember the wayside nook
Under the lee of a laurel ledge,
With a wild dog-rose in the blackberry
hedge,
And an elm that bent like a shepherd's
crook;
And the story we read in a green-leaved
book
With a buttercup border about its edge—
Where we stopped to rest in the shadows
cool,
Half way home from school?
The lovely laurel! I see it now,
Like sunset spilled in a sky of gray!
And the regal trilliums, how they sway;
And the red azaleas simpler and bow,
Like dancers that lead, scarce knowing
how.
In the mist that the wind-harps play.
Done for the day with lesson and rule—
Half way home from school.
The brook sang on with a sea-shell croon.
To the mermaid ferns with their long
green hair;
And the sounds of summer were in the
air.
In the yellow heart of the afternoon,
O days of pleasure! O days of June!
What after days can with you compare?
What draughts with the draughts from
the sun-flecked pool,
Half way home from school?
Friend, dear friend! Let us turn aside
In the road that leads from the school-
house door;
We must be half way home or more,
Half way to dewfall and eventide.
Let us stop in the shade where our paths
divide.
In the sweet old way that we did of yore,
And we'll talk it over, the way we've come
Meeting, half way home.
—Emma Herrick Weed, in N. Y. Inde-
pendent.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Capt. Winkle started. It had flashed upon him that he was being misunder- stood, and yet there was a dogged something in his eyes which seemed to say that a little thing like a temporary misunderstanding—even in so delicate a matter—would amount to nothing as an offset against the humiliation Evelyn's conduct had brought him. Hasty reflection on this line made him unusually blunt of speech.

"Yes, I want to talk to you about her, but not in the way you perhaps anticipate, Col. Hasbroke," said the captain, almost patronizingly. "I felt it my duty as a personal friend of yours to come directly to you."

"It must be a proposal, after all," thought the old gentleman, whose face was divesting itself of its look of perplexity. "The fellow is badly rattled." He waved his hand towards the captain's chair and sat down himself. Winkle took his seat and crossed his tightly clad legs, his spurs jingling as he moved.

"That's right, Capt. Winkle," went on the older man, "that's always best; I like the old way—a father has the biggest interest in a daughter after all has been said."

Winkle's attention seemed not to fasten to this last remark.

"May I ask if Miss Evelyn is at home?" he asked, introductively.

Hasbroke could not restrain a smile. He told himself that he had never dreamt that Winkle would be knocked off his feet by such a formality, and yet it showed that the fellow was hard hit, and that was what he ought to be.

"I don't know," replied he, "but," he added, "of course she is; she is never out so late as this alone, and she went for a drive shortly after dinner. Shall I send up your card?" The colonel reached out for the old-fashioned tasseled bell-pull.

"I should like to know if she is at home, for sure," said Winkle; "if—if she is, there can be no immediate danger—though I feel certain—"

"Danger!" ejaculated the colonel, "what the devil do you mean, sir?"

"Colonel, you may regard me as meddling where I have no right, but I flatter myself that you cannot fail to appreciate a thing done purely in your interest, and under a sense of duty. The truth is, I saw Miss Evelyn in the cart with Ronald Fanshaw driving rapidly away from the scene of the shooting. They were going towards the railroad station. I have hesitated for three hours over what I ought to do, and at last—"

The colonel stepped towards him, and raised his two hands as if to clutch the speaker's throat, but he restrained his fury and stood staring in Winkle's face.

"What damnable nonsense is this?" he thundered.

"I have known for some time, colonel," answered Winkle, calmly, "that she was falling in love with this fellow; but I could not feel that I had the right to speak—"

Hasbroke was as pale as death, and he shook from head to foot as a man with palsy. He put his hands behind him and held them tightly one in the other.

"You have made a serious, culpable mistake, sir," he said. "I don't believe my daughter has even a speaking acquaintance with Fanshaw—if she has that—and as to your extravagant statement that you saw her—"

"I am your friend, Col. Hasbroke," protested the younger man, quickly, "and I do not want to leave your house until I am assured that your daughter is safe under your roof. Every minute we are talking here may be valuable to you. Let me beg of you to ascertain if she is at home."

"You shall have your wish, sir," The old man's step across the room to the bell-pull was majestic. As he drew the silken cord toward him he smiled.

"You shall certainly have your proof," he said, "and then"—the old soldier looked significantly at the door and bowed.

James entered softly and stood waiting. "Ask Evelyn—say to her," corrected the colonel, "that I should like to see her here for only a minute. But, hold; has she returned from her drive?" "Yes, sir; des a minute 'fo' you got back, sir."

The colonel swept a triumphant glance at Winkle, and then concluded his command to the servant. "Ask her to come down."

"I trust," said the captain, when the man had withdrawn, "that you will pardon my fear that—that the couple really had the intention of eloping; but, seeing them together at such a time, I was naturally disposed to wonder what could have caused such a meeting; and a few minutes later, when I came across the dead man, and learned that Fanshaw had killed him, it was natural that I should think—"

"You shall be convinced, sir," burst from Hasbroke's lips, "that you have had an attack of blindness that is dangerous to the reputation of honorable women!"

"I shall not dispute with you, colonel," said Winkle, in a conciliatory tone; "but I passed as near them as I am to you now. I shall leave it to her. She will not deny my statement."

The old officer shrugged his shoulders in stern unbelief, and five minutes of sullen silence bore down on the two men. It was lifted by the approach of Evelyn. Both men were on their feet as she entered the room. Capt. Winkle bowed low, but no word of greeting passed his lips. Her father placed a chair for her, but she signified her desire to stand. Her lip curled with disdain as her eyes fell on Winkle's face, and then she gave her undivided attention to her father.

"You are to decide a point between Capt. Winkle and myself," began the old man, as he released her hands, which he had taken to lead her to the chair. "He is sure he saw you in the cart with Fanshaw, driving away from the scene of the tragedy. I, of course, firmly denied it."

Evelyn held her head high, her arms tightly folded; she seemed to have stopped breathing.

"Capt. Winkle is quite right," she answered, in a low, tense tone.

The colonel reeled as if he were dizzy. For the ensuing moment there was no other sound in the room save his labored breathing. Suddenly he steadied himself before her, his eyes expanded.

"Are you crazy, my child?" he blurted out.

"Almost!" Evelyn laughed harshly. "The only man I ever loved as women love once in their lives is facing the most horrible crisis of his existence. I happened to meet him on his way to give himself up to the sheriff, and, as I love him and wanted to be with him as much as possible, to comfort him, and assure him of my fidelity, I insisted on driving him to Ratcliff's. He begged me not to insist on it, but I would have it so. If you cast me off a million times I shall have all the more heart to bestow on him—the more pity in his sorrow!"

The old soldier seemed to wither like a plant under a fierce heat; his hands hung limply at his sides for a moment, and then he drew himself up as erect as if he were on parade and faced his visitor.

"You have rendered me a valuable service, Capt. Winkle," he said distantly, "and I hope some day to be able to show better appreciation for it."

He moved backward to the bell-pull, his eyes studiously avoiding those of his child.

"Capt. Winkle's horse!" he called out to the servant. His words rang like pieces of falling metal.

When Winkle had gone, Hasbroke stood for a moment eying his daughter sorrowfully, then he sank into his big revolving chair and lowered his head to the desk. Evelyn looked down on him pityingly, and then she stepped to him and laid a cold white hand on his head.

"Father," her voice cut sharply into the silence. "I love you as fondly as any daughter ever loved a father, but as sure as God is in Heaven that love will die—you will kill it if you turn against me in my first hour of actual woe! I am suffering for the man I love as I never fancied even a lost soul could suffer, and yet you have no pity for me. You demanded more in your daughter, but I tell you I demand more in a father! God made me love Ronald Fanshaw; He did it by opening my eyes to his greatness of mind and character. I will not allow you to insult him by your tears," her voice rose to a sharp command and she stamped her small foot. "I will not, I say!"

The white head was raised. The old man's eyes gleamed with the fires of despair; but as they rested on the calm, undaunted face of his best-loved child, their glance wavered.

"Do you mean that, Evelyn—my God—are you in earnest?"

"Thoroughly in earnest, father; you have often told me about the strength of the Carnleigh women in their love."

Would the Carnleigh you wedded have allowed her father to weep because of her love for you?"

The colonel stretched out two trembling hands and took hers in his grasp. "You are right, my daughter, in a way"—he kissed her lightly on the brow—"but I am right, too. Pardon me if I have been impolite; you and I have never had a disagreement before, but I can see farther than you—the light of calm reason is stronger than the flare of infatuation. Now go to bed, and let me think; ah, let me think!"

Without a word she moved away. At the door she turned and looked back. He stood where she had left him, his arms folded as if in death. "It is awful! My God, it is awful!" she heard him muttering.

CHAPTER XIV.

All that night Ronald Fanshaw lay awake. The coming of dawn—its first gray streaks in the east—was like the sight of land to a starving, shipwrecked man, and yet when the sun was up its genial rays failed to disperse the shadows in his heart; he found that it ached as well by day as by night.

After breakfast Mr. Redding called to see him.

"Well, this is a pretty howdy-do!" he exclaimed, in a cheery voice, as the iron door clanged to after him. "The sheriff rode out to King's plantation last night to tell me the news, but I couldn't get back till this mornin'. He's bent on gettin' you out of 'this if he can."

"I am awfully sorry to have to call on you in such a disagreeable matter," returned Ronald.

Redding thoughtfully pinched his nose between his thumb and forefinger. "Ratcliff told me the particulars," he said, frowning a little. "There is no use cryin' over spilt milk—or spilt blood, either. This case will give you a chance to practice a little on your own hook. The main thing is to keep a stiff upper lip and take a cheerful view of it."

"I am afraid I take a dejected view of it," said Ronald. "You will find me a hopeless sort of client. I feel so awfully knocked out over taking a human life that even the prospect of being publicly justified does not brighten my horizon."

"I can sympathize with you, my boy," the voice of the lawyer softened and he pinched his nose again. "I once told you—or rather I hinted at a great sorrow in my life—a big drawback to my energies, well—Redding broke off and waved his hand, as he sometimes did when expression failed him.

"I remember you hinted at some disagreeable occurrence; but as you were unmarried—"

"My trouble didn't wear petticoats," interrupted the lawyer, forcing a little smile, and as he went on his face grew more serious than it had ever appeared to Ronald. "It took place right down thar in front of the courthouse door—just after the close of the war. I never pass in or out of the building without stepping over his body. People don't mention it to me now; I sometimes wish they would rank it with other events in my career; it's their danged silence that hurts."

"Me'n him was candidates for the legislature; it was a sort of duel. I was ready for 'im—certainly was loaded for bear; I had three revolvers an' a ax-handle. I proved, without much trouble, that he pulled down on me first. A feller come to my counsel an' said he would swear Le Roy had said he was goin' to kill me on sight. His testimony cleared me, but the same skunk come to me after it was all over an' wanted ten dollars. I can't forget the hell in his eye. I knew he had perjured himself, but I was afraid to refuse him the money. Then thar was the young widow. It left her as pore as Job's turkey. She let me supply her an' the boy, that had his daddy's eyes, with the necessities of life, an' then she began to make eyes at me. Somehow I took a fool notion that I ought to marry 'er, an' the thought weighed on me till I nearly got off my nut. Jest about then Judge Bates began to see whar the wind was blowin' her bangs an' said one day: 'Looky heer, Reddin', let that slide—it never will mend matters a bit; you'll always feel as if you killed 'im to get his wife.' She married another fellow. Oh, yes," Redding broke off with a deep drawn breath, "I know all about it, an' that's why I didn't sleep much last night. The worst feature in yore case is the evidence Thad Williams threatens to give. As far as I know, his oath would be valid. Do you think that the dead man told him you attacked him first?"

"If he did he was out of his mind," answered Ronald; "I think Thad Williams told me that to frighten me."

"But Ratcliff says you actually heard the two talking together just before Syd died."

Ronald nodded. "That is a fact, I was not near enough, however, to overhear what was said."

Redding mused a moment and then he looked up suddenly.

"I must see him at once, my boy, before the prosecution gets 'im to commit 'imself to the 'r'side. I shall try to show up the consequences of perjury in a strong light, and frighten him off o' that line. He's a good natured sort of feller if you strike him right. I never shall forget" (Redding seemed bent on cheering up his friend) "Thad was captured about five years ago as a moonshiner, an' Jim Lowe, who was in the employ of the government, an' no better 'n Thad, started with 'im to Atlanta for trial. They made a sort of picnic of it an' got drunk together, an' postponed their trip till that night. They was waitin' in the office of the hotel to catch a train, an' Jim had gone in to his supper, leavin' Thad smokin' at the stove. Then amongst us we got up a joke on Jim an' went to his prisoner an' told 'im if he wanted to, he could get away as easy as shellin' peas. But Thad shook his head an' held out his hands to the fire. 'Me'n Lowe is sorter chums,' he said, 'an' if 'you will have the truth, I never have had much of a ride on the cyars in my life, an' I sorter

lowed 'd like the trip.' Then we proposed a compromise. We told him he could ride within a few miles of Atlanta and jump off while Jim was not lookin', and in that way he could get his ride and liberty also. You cought to have heard 'im laugh. 'Don't you give me away, an' I'll play it fine,' he said. And he did work it. He turned up here two days later, making for the mountains. He was the worst bungled-up chap you ever laid eyes on. Not being familiar with the running of trains, he had hurled himself at a bank, eight miles out of Atlanta, when the train was goin' like greased lightning. But Lowe never did try to arrest him again."

Redding's smile vanished as he turned to the door. "I'll try to win 'im round to us this mornin' if I can get at 'im," he concluded. "He'll be apt to be at the funeral. Now, don't you worry! I'll do all I can, an' we'll try to have you out on bail to-morrow."

CHAPTER XV.

Monday morning about eleven o'clock Ratcliff bustled into the jail, making jovial remarks to the keeper's wife about her bad cooking killing the prisoners, and went up to Ronald.

"I couldn't git heer a minute earlier," he told our hero, as he came in. "All day yesterday I was on track of a feller that broke jail at Shubank. He give me the slip at the river, an' I had to give up. I couldn't afford to miss yore trial, besides it would a-killed my animal, an' she's wuth more than the ten dollars' reward."

Ronald asked him if the hour for the trial had been set.

"You bet it has," grinned Ratcliff, as he took a fresh chew of tobacco and thrust the remainder of the plug back into his coat pocket. "They tried their level best to stave it off, but I told 'em I wouldn't keep you in suspense any longer. It's a-goin' to be well attended. I see a lots o' big licks from out yore way already here. Col. Hasbroke's in town, an' Capt. Winkle has deviled me mighty nigh to death with questions. By hooky, he talked like you was guilty of cold-blooded murder; he said he had heard Thad Williams' version of the affair."

Ronald fixed the sheriff with a keen glance.

"Don't you think that the trial will go against me?" he questioned.

Ratcliff seemed slightly taken aback by the pointed query. He hesitated for a moment, and then he answered evasively.

"Thad Williams' testimony is the biggest thing we have to contend with. Dr. Abe Sloan is summoned. After the corpse reached home the family called 'im in to make an examination; he probed for the ball, an' will show it in court."

(To Be Continued.)

The Connaught Rangers.

"Pat is a hard man to set down, and many a man has begun with an oath and ended with a grin. I remember being present when a colonel of the rangers—he's been dead these score of years, rest his soul!—was lecturing his soldier-servant on the sin of untruthfulness. 'It was not only a lie you told me,' say he, 'but a stupid lie at that.' 'Faith, sor,' answers the man, 'I see'd ye were in a raging temper, and I lost me presence of mind!' Yet that was nothing in the way of impudence to what happened to the officer who was commanding the rangers when they were quartered in Edinburgh, years ago. There had been a deal of drunkenness and disorder among his men, and he was determined to stop it. So one early morning parade he ordered an old offender, who had been out all night, to be marched across the regiment's front in his muddy tunic and torn trousers, as an awful warning. When the prisoner arrived at the left flank he turned to the colonel, saluted him and said, just as if he had been some swell inspecting them: 'Thank ye, colonel; faith, it's one av the foineest regiments I've ever seen. Ye may dismiss them!'—Cassell's Magazine.

Romeo's Reason.

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo!" Fair Juliet hung over the balcony in such a position that the calcium light man could not miss her without leaving the stage in total darkness.

"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" She paused for a reply.

"Because I am the only member of the troop that can squeeze into these blasted tights," was the hoarse whisper of the lean gentleman who was playing Romeo.

Then he began a stiff-legged ascent of the rope ladder.

Ah, the many real tragedies that occur behind the glamour of the foot-lights!—Baltimore American.

His Private Opinion.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jorgson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?"

"Of course I do," replied the brutal half of the combination. "The most curious thing in the world is a woman that isn't curious."—Chicago Evening News.

The Difference.

Grimes—The chances are in favor of a widow marrying again against a single woman getting a husband.

Burns—That is because a widow is content to regard men as pretty much all alike, while a single woman wastes her time trying to find one who is different from all others.—Boston Transcript.

Changed His Mind.

Brown—I saw you on the street with Smith this morning. I thought he was an old enemy of yours.

Green—So he was, but I discovered that I had misjudged him.

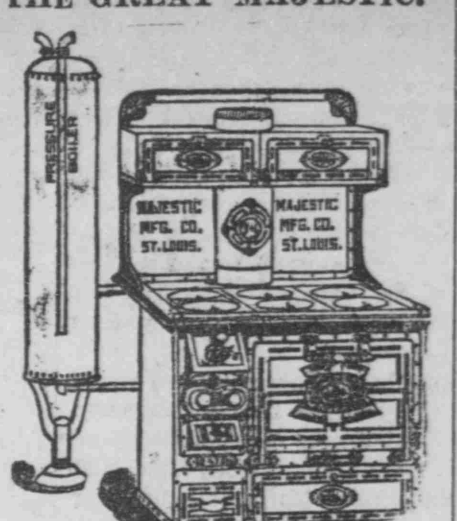
Brown—In what way?
Green—I thought I could lick him.—Chicago Daily News.

Try and Find Out.

Unless a man tries he never knows what he is unable to do. — Chicago Daily News.

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DECEMBER 5th, 1898.

| EAST BOUND. | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| | No. 1. Pass. | No. 3. Pass. | No. 5. Mixed. |
| Lve Frankfort a | 7:00am | 3:40pm | 1:00pm |
| Lve Elkhorn | 7:11am | 3:52pm | 1:20pm |
| Lve Switzer | 7:18am | 4:00pm | 1:25pm |
| Lve Stamping Grnd | 7:28am | 4:10pm | 1:35pm |
| Lve Duval | 7:34am | 4:16pm | 1:41pm |
| Lve Johnson | 7:39am | 4:22pm | 1:46pm |
| Lve Georgetown | 7:44am | 4:27pm | 1:51pm |
| Lve C.R. Ry Depot b | 7:50am | 4:33pm | 1:57pm |
| Lve Newtown | 8:17am | 4:48pm | 2:24pm |
| Lve Centerville | 8:35am | 4:66pm | 2:42pm |
| Lve Elkhorn | 8:50am | 5:00pm | 2:57pm |
| Arr Paris c | 8:40am | 5:10pm | 3:07pm |

| WEST BOUND. | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| | No. 2. Pass. | No. 4. Pass. | No. 6. Mixed. |
| Lve Paris c | 9:04am | 5:40pm | 3:31pm |
| Lve Elkhorn | 9:40am | 5:50pm | 3:57pm |
| Lve Centerville | 9:49am | 5:59pm | 4:06pm |
| Lve Newtown | 9:53am | 6:03pm | 4:10pm |
| Lve C.R. Ry Depot b | 10:24am | 6:17pm | 4:41pm |
| Lve Georgetown | 10:32am | 6:25pm | 4:49pm |
| Lve Johnson | 10:37am | 6:30pm | 4:54pm |
| Lve Duval | 10:43am | 6:36pm | 5:00pm |
| Lve Stamping Grnd | 10:50am | 6:43pm | 5:07pm |
| Lve Switzer | 11:00am | 6:49pm | 5:17pm |
| Lve Elkhorn | 11:07am | 6:56pm | 5:24pm |
| Arr Frankfort a | 11:20am | 7:10pm | 5:37pm |

Daily except Sunday.
a Connects with L. & N. b Connects with Q. & C. connects with Ky. Central.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS

| P.M. (A.M.) | | A.M. (P.M.) | |
|-------------|----------------------|-------------|------|
| 8:40 | 7:50 Lv. Frankfort | Ar. 11:20 | 7:30 |
| 4:24 | 7:30 Lv. Georgetown | Ar. 10:28 | 6:17 |
| 8:10 | 8:40 Ar. Paris | Lv. 8:30 | 5:40 |
| 8:30 | Ar. Maysville | Lv. 5:45 | 1:25 |
| 6:16 | 11:42 Ar. Winchester | Lv. 7:30 | 2:55 |
| 7:20 | 1:40 Ar. Richmond | Lv. 6:40 | 2:00 |

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CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

| EAST BOUND. | | | |
|-----------------|---------|--------|---------------|
| | | | |
| Lv Louisville | 8:30am | 8:00pm | |
| Ar Lexington | 11:15am | 8:40pm | |
| Lv Lexington | 11:25am | 8:50pm | 8:30am 5:50pm |
| Lv Winchester | 11:58am | 9:23pm | 8:15am 8:30pm |
| Ar Mt. Sterling | 12:23pm | 9:50pm | 9:50am 7:00pm |
| Ar Philadelphia | 10:15am | 7:03pm | |
| Ar New York | 12:40n | 8:08pm | |

| WEST BOUND. | | | |
|----------------|---------|--------|---------------|
| | | | |
| Ar Winchester | 7:30am | 4:50pm | 6:55am 2:50pm |
| Ar Lexington | 8:00am | 5:20pm | 7:35am 3:45pm |
| Ar Frankfort | 8:11am | 5:30pm | |
| Ar Shelbyville | 10:01am | 7:20pm | |
| Ar Louisville | 11:00am | 8:15pm | |

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